Youth

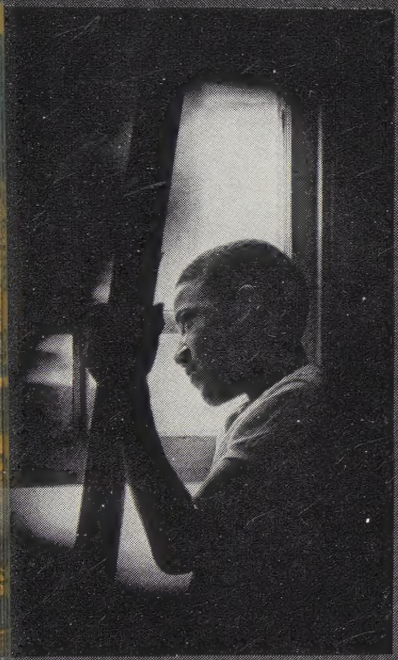
MAY 19, 1968

ORIAN IS COMPOSING CATHEDRAL MUSIC AT 17 •
HE COURT SENTENCED BILLY TO REFORM SCHOOL •
Y HELPING OTHERS, I DISCOVERED WHO I AM" •

"helping others —

At the heart
of every service effort
must be
a willingness to work
and a quality of caring
among all
who take part

ot to know me"



is a work camp your answer?

"But what can I do?" is the big question so many young people ask today in the midst of unstable conditions all around us. How can I help improve conditions? How can I show people I really care? How can I myself find more stability amid all this instability?

Many high school youth have found work camps as one possible approach. You find out what's really going on. You get to know people as people. When you see where the need is, you work. Don't just talk; do something. And soon—even if you fail—you begin to see . . .

Youth / Volume 19
Number 10
May 19, 1968

Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Secretary: Jane Popp
Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine
is published
for high school young people
of the
United Church of Christ
and
The Episcopal Church
An **Horizons** edition is published
for young people of the
Church of the Brethren
YOUTH is also
recommended for use
among young people of the
Anglican Church of Canada

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The *Horizons* Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by the General Brotherhood Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, $3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one address, $2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents each, double issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department. YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Brotherhood Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.

Copyright © 1968 by United Church Press.

Cover photos by Paul Buck.

"People come and work with
and then they understa
why we're her

The house on the corner was swarming with teen activity. It was summer vacation. Hammering on the roof, sawing on the porch, and washing windows were young volunteer workers from all over the country. As the youth worked, the neighbors at first simply watched. Then they began to question, and in a matter of days they were working, too. The spirit was contagious, and at the end of eight weeks, the shining, repaired house became an example for the neighborhood.

In another Southern community on a hot July morning, 20 teen-age girls and boys, dressed in blue jeans, pushed shovels and swung axes as they cleared a site for a picnic ground. The picnic place was part of a self-help housing program organized by residents of the depressed community.

In the black ghetto of a large city, a group of suburban teens carrying ladders, brushes, and buckets of paint, spread out to assigned apartments in the area of the community center where they were staying over the weekend. In teams of two and three they painted all day Saturday in run-down rooms that needed much more than paint. Landlords paid for the paint, the youth provided the labor. On Sunday the volunteers returned home tired and not quite the same after rubbing elbows with the reality of rat holes, rotten plumbing, and poor people who are very human, too.

These young people are all volunteers participating in an experience known as a work camp. In each case, unskilled youth are offered the opportunity to help improve conditions in a depressed area through physical labor. Each camp is usually started at the request of an indigenous group and is often part of a larger self-betterment program. The young workers live in the community as a group in dormitories provided by a local sponsor. They share the duties of group living, and they have the guidance of an experienced leader or leaders. They are there because they are willing to work and because they care.

Work camps have been helping people and places long before the Peace Corps was ever a dream. In 1934, the Quakers through their American Friends Service Committee sponsored their first work camp. Shortly after World War II, youth from formerly-enemy countries worked together to rebuild and to find reconciliation in ecumenical work camps sponsored by the World Council of Churches. Today national church agencies, state and diocesan and local groups conduct many work camps using college and high school volunteers.

These work camps may last as little as two days or as long as eight weeks. They may take place in winter or in summer. They may be located in urban slums or in small towns, in Appalachian hollows or on Indian reservations. All of them, however, are based on the premise that the successful project is the one that leaves behind interested people to continue the work after the volunteers are gone. This is what is meant by the catch phrase—"helping others to help themselves."

How can you take part in a work camp? As an individual, you may wish to apply for participation in work camps being sponsored by one of

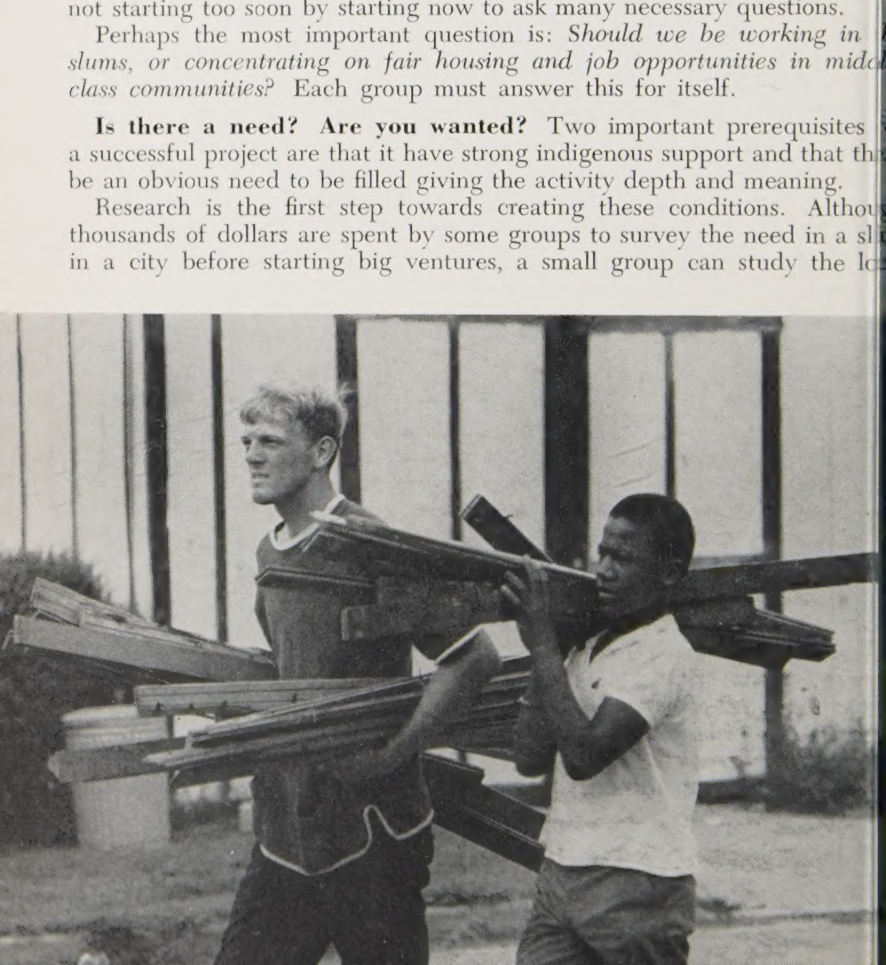
a number of agencies. If so, check with the pastor of your church, or w a local AFSC (Quaker) office, or with your state conference or dioces office. Or for additional information, write for the following: *Invest Yo self*, a booklet listing service opportunities (available free from the Comm sion on Youth Service Projects, 275 Riverside Drive, New York, N. 10027), or *Handbook on Senior High Work Camps*, a pamphlet of wo camp standards and procedures (available free—one copy per leader—fr Specialized Ministries, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, Pot town RD 2, Pa. 19464).

Or as a member of a local youth organization, you may wish to encoura your own group to organize a work camp. Of course, it is too late to p a work camp for this summer, but if a work camp next summer is to helpful or if you're planning a weekend work project for this fall, you not starting too soon by starting now to ask many necessary questions.

Perhaps the most important question is: *Should we be working in slums, or concentrating on fair housing and job opportunities in mid class communities?* Each group must answer this for itself.

Is there a need? Are you wanted? Two important prerequisites a successful project are that it have strong indigenous support and that th be an obvious need to be filled giving the activity depth and meaning.

Research is the first step towards creating these conditions. Althou thousands of dollars are spent by some groups to survey the need in a sl in a city before starting big ventures, a small group can study the lo



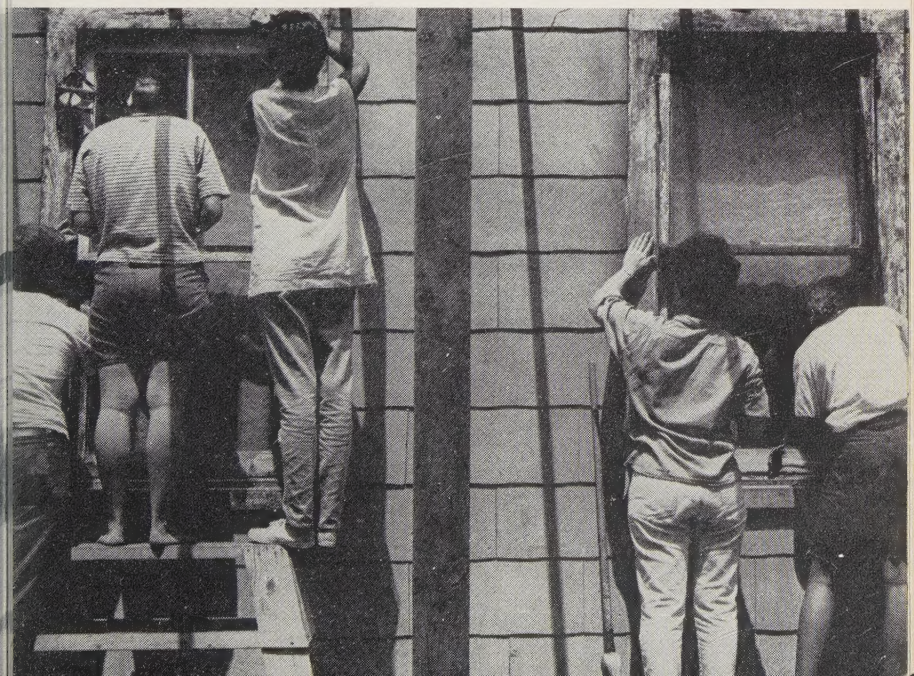
situation less expensively by drawing on the knowledge of municipal agencies or volunteer organizations like United Fund. Inter-church visitation is another way to get information as well as make contact with a community.

One question to pose is: What programs already exist to which a work camp can contribute? If there are none, the best thing to do is stop right there and wait for a more auspicious time or look for greener fields, unless the group wishes to become involved in the demanding task of community organizing. Neither community nor participants benefit from a contrived project, and a project that is imposed upon an area engenders mistrust and hostility and denies the dignity of the people who live there.

When a former director of AFSC projects in the U.S. was scouting for work camp possibilities in a western city, members of the organization he was seeing asked him suspiciously, "If we don't want you to come, will you still come?" His answer was, "No!" Having cleared the air, he was able to talk frankly with them.

Indigenous support is vital. In these days of inter-cultural tensions, misunderstood motives, naive assumptions, and misdirected endeavors, it is especially important that the help which your group is offering is needed, is wanted, and is supported by a local institution known to and accepted by most of the people in the community where you want to be of service.

Your group must investigate in order to decide which institution is most amenable to your goals and philosophy and most sensitive to local concerns. Often the choice is not clear-cut. An established organization with excellent



programs may not be working on the problems that really interest the re dents. The planners will want to find a group whose support will earn th the trust and enthusiasm of the community. Perhaps local or regional offi of your denomination or of the AFSC might put you in touch with lo agencies with which they've long had contact.

The official backing of a local organization helps to clarify the posit of the work camp and makes it more acceptable to local inhabitants. possible, try to have the sponsor supervise the activities. This practice part of the policy of self-help. A committee of local residents and lead is invaluable to the young volunteers in their work. It plays a key role deciding on the work focus. It is responsible for finding housing for work campers and gathering the necessary equipment and materials. functions as a sounding board, helps to orient the participants, gives adv on problems that arise and interprets the program to the area. M importantly, it represents the involvement of the community in the pro and is the hope for continuing the work after the work camp has ended.

Don't tackle too big a job. Together with the local committee, wo camp planners must decide on a well-defined task which can be acco plished in a certain period of time with a certain number of peo Although many problems cannot be foreseen, try to plan your sum project as completely as possible. You've got to deal with such details how many working hours there will be in a day and how many days off a week. Discuss available housing with the committee ascertaining w

"People say everyone is the same on the inside and there's no better place to prove it than a work camp"

facilities are available for the boys and for the girls, whether the buildings meet local codes, and what restrictions exist.

Choosing the participants is a delicate task. Beyond such selecting factors like the number wanted, the ratio of boys to girls, the age minimum, ie the questions: How mature is this applicant? Is he able to live in a group? Is he willing to subordinate his personal needs to those of the unit and the community?

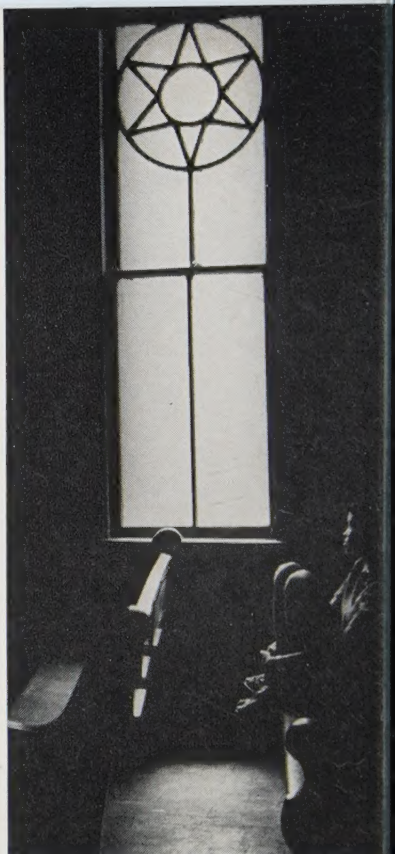
"Consistent with our belief that dignity has no color," says an AFSC epresentative, "we have always insisted that all projects be fully integrated, economically as well as racially. Young people who have lived ogether with peers of other races emerge more open to friendships that ranscend the color line."

Said one work camper, "People say everyone is the same on the inside, egardless of race or religion, and you will never find a better place to prove t than at a work camp."

Unless there is financial aid available, it is difficult to recruit young people rom depressed areas, but sometimes contacts can be made through Girl cout and Boy Scout troops or through church exchanges. Recruits from he community itself can play a special role in gaining the acceptance of he project by their friends and neighbors.

Expert leadership is crucial. The leader must, of course, be someone vho works well with young people. He should have a sense of humor, atience, and the humility to know he doesn't have all the answers. Reports

one spokesman, "We frequently appoint a married couple, a policy which gives balance and stability to the leadership and enables husband and wife to relieve each other of responsibilities. We also appoint project assistants who are college-age, or older men or women."



A work camp cannot be prepared according to a cookbook. No matter how much groundwork is laid, problems are bound to arise, and these difficulties can be responsible for the most exciting part of the summer—the learning.

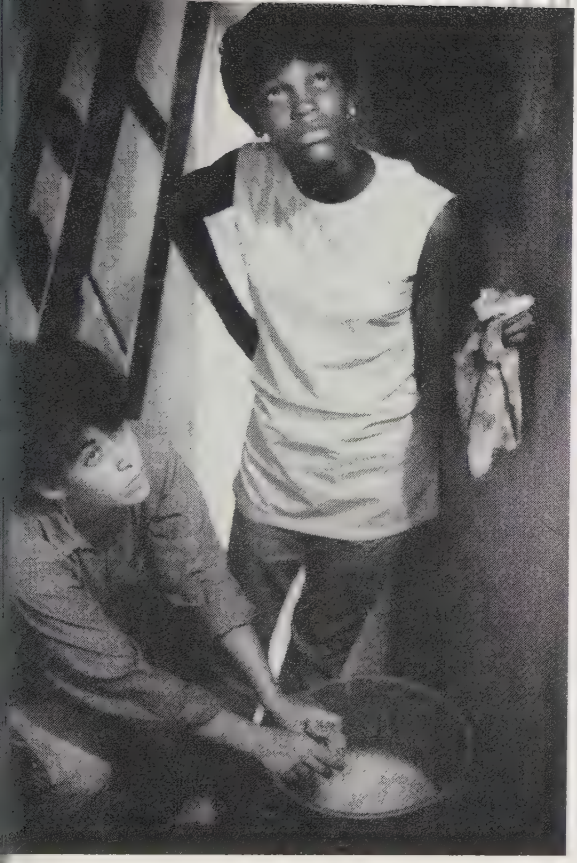
In the afternoon or evening, after the dishes have been washed, work campers may lay down their books or letters and gather for the daily business meeting and meditation. Together with the leaders, and sometimes committee members, they discuss everything from plans for a weekend trip to communicating with people in the community. The young people have a responsible voice in making decisions and, therefore, a stake in the success of the project. During the silent meditation or brief worship that follows, they are newly aware of themselves and each other and, perhaps, closer understanding the purpose of it all.

"I've grown 100 feet taller this summer. I've learned to be much m considerate and aware of other people's feelings, especially in such a cl living situation," wrote a camper. Group living means sharing duties such cleaning up and washing dishes. The spirit of helping is contagious.

Children are a link with the rest of the community. Friendly a curious, they catch on quickly to the fun of helping out and offer to ca tools or help clean up. They flock to picnics and openhouses with pare in tow and follow the young people on visits to neighbors.

The time the participants spend sitting on back porches or front steps as valuable as the time spent working. The residents learn to speak ab their problems, and the participants learn to listen. Commented one part pant, "One impressive lesson I've learned is that people can live in phy cally desolate conditions and yet be emotionally and spiritually wealthy."

The young people on one project opened a coffeehouse where peo



"I've grown 100 feet taller this summer."

All photos
by Paul Buck

ere able to meet, relax and discuss common problems. In another city, sidents who had been apathetic or afraid, began to organize meetings and oice their complaints to city officials as a result of the encouragement of oung people in a community service unit.

Reactions of young people to the programs are overwhelmingly sitive. "I've never worked so hard, yet I got much more out of it than I it in." Service projects have the greatest effect on what the participants ing back to their own communities. Many return convinced that their o is to influence opinion in their own home towns. Through articles in eir school newspapers and speeches to their classes, they share the insights their summer. What they have seen may inspire topics for term papers d ideas for field trips to places such as magistrate's court. Others find a w interest in year-round activities like tutoring in their areas.

Short-term projects are possible, too. Eight weeks allows time for a ork camp to ripen, for the participants to get to know the people and for

"We haven't talked much about our differences, because often mutual understanding is just something that happens without discussion."

the work to be completed. A weekend is limiting, but such short-te projects are often important in order to satisfy the desires of the many s dents who want to do something during the school year.

In many cities now, for example, interested groups of young peo arrange weekend visits to local hospitals for recreation and conversat with mentally-retarded or emotionally-disturbed patients. The visits easily organized through the heads of volunteer services in the hospi The young people chip in to pay for lodging and leadership. The res can be an exhausting but rewarding experience especially if it is repea during the course of the year with the same group of patients.

Work camps, community service projects, and institutional service eff bring together young people of different backgrounds who have sim interests and want to help others. The friendships that are made last l after the work camp is over. The volunteers are exposed to conditions m have never seen before. They emerge with many questions and so tentative answers. ▼

COMPOSER AT 1

BY LAURA-JEAN MASHRICK / In the massive Washington Cathedral Thanksgiving Day last November, special music had been composed for service of Holy Communion. The work, "Missa Cathedralis," was written John Adrian Verkouteren, 17, a senior at St. Alban's School for Boys, choir school on Cathedral grounds. Next year he'll be attending Harvard

How does a 17-year-old student become a composer? What sort of m does he write? What does he plan to do? To find out, on a warm, be ful day in April we went to Washington, D. C., to talk with Adrian ab music, his compositions, and his plans for the future. He was out of bre when he met us, having run across the grounds to meet us in the Cathe office. My first impression was of a tall "average" teenager—self assu but a little shy, especially of the tape recorder we were using to take note

"What instruments do you play?" we asked.

"I don't," he answered. "I sing." But John Fenstermaker, the master and ganist, qualified this answer by explaining that Adrian does study and ay the piano and has some knowledge of the organ.

"Where do you work when you are composing?"

"Almost anywhere. I could be at a piano, or at home, or sitting on the eps outside Whitby Gym, or," he laughed, "on a bus."

St. Alban's School for Boys is the choir school for Washington Cathedral. lrian began attending there in third grade. "One Sunday, the choir direc- r of our parish church told my father that 'I sang like an angel.' So he cided to see if that were true and brought me to the auditions for St. lban's. That's how I got here." Almost by accident!

So Adrian became a member of the Boys' Choir, and then a baritone in e Men's Choir. He has been singing at Cathedral services for nine years w, and has been "trying to write music" most of those nine years. "But lon't think I really started writing anything that could be called worth- ile until maybe this past summer when I started on the mass which was rformed here.

"A lot of what I have written is liturgical music because there's more op- rtunity to have liturgical music performed here. I've written a couple of ort songs for a solo voice and piano which I've done for Christmas parties ven by a friend in the choir. I enjoy writing for voices I know. It's do- g something—writing something for someone else. I probably get more t of this than writing a big mass.

"I've fooled around with a poem by Stephen Crane, and two years ago to music a Spanish poem we had to learn in Spanish class. This Christ- s, as part of a contest over in the Netherlands, I wrote my first real in- mental piece for a full orchestra. I haven't heard anything about that.

"I try not to limit myself to writing just for the church. I think it's great t we're doing an operetta over at the Girls' School." Here Adrian ex- ined that the Boys' and Girls' Schools were producing together a comic retta written by the glee club director. Adrian is singing the lead, and rning to do a soft-shoe number. The music is a parody for different musi- styles—everything from jazz to a Verdi chorus. "This is the sort of thing like to try writing, if I could find someone to do the lyrics."

"What sort of music do you like to listen to," we asked, "and what do you ink of current popular music?"

Adrian verbally ran down his list of records—it included Bartok, Gilbert Sullivan, King's College Choir, Hungarian Rhapsodies of Liszt, Brahms . "There are some Beatles songs I like, there are some I don't like. I t like to say that I like Beatle music; I wouldn't say I like *all* of any oposer's music. I like certain compositions better than others and I just for the best ones."

"What do you see as the place of music in worship?" (*Turn to page 18*)

The Birds

a carol for Treble Solo & Piano by —
for Rick Hynson J. Adrian Verkouteren
November, 196

Vivace

Treble Solo

mf

1. From out of a wood did
2. A pi-geon flew o-ver

Vivace

mf

Piano

simile

cuc-koo fly, He came to a man-ger with joy-ful cry, He hopp'd, he curt-sie
Ga-li -lee, He strut-ed and cooed, and was full of glee, And show'd with jew-ell

1.

round he— flew, and loud his ju- bi- la-tion grew, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-ka
wings un- furl'd, His joy that Christ was in the world, 1.

2.

molto rall.

Meno Mosso

mp

Vrer- croo, vrer- croo, vrer- croo.

A

2.

mf molto rall.

Meno Mosso

dolce

mp

dim.

p

poco poco

A dove set-tled down on Na- za- reth, and ten-der-ly chant-ed with all his

breath, "O you," he cooed, "so good and true, my beau---ty do I

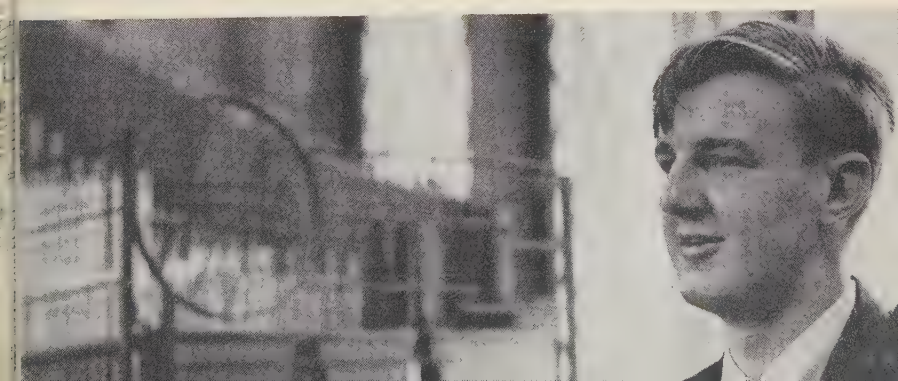
cres. cres.

dim. 0 dim.

give to you Tsu-croo, tsu-croo, tsu-croo.

dim. dim. rit. r.h.

8ve



"Well," Adrian quipped, "I'm sure I could be accused of worshiping the god of music more than God. But, I was very upset last Sunday when they cut some of the music to make the service shorter . . . both because I liked the music and because, as a composer, I'd be insulted if they ever did that to any of my pieces."

"I think music has a great part in worship, but I don't like to be a philosopher about it. The Cathedral service, is in essence, a concert for the congregation. I think the music is obliged to be the best that the choirs and composers can offer—it is something you can't expect a smaller parish church to do. A parish is more of a family or community; in a way the Cathedral service is much more impersonal."

Remembering that last spring Washington Cathedral sponsored a service featuring pop, rock, and folk music and dance, we asked Adrian his reaction to the use of this sort of music in worship. He responded: "I think the original idea of Spirit and Sound, where they were going to have all these bands outside on the grounds was O.K. The idea was for the church to give expression to the ideas of young people in their own terms. But having this inside the Cathedral rubs me the wrong way—I feel it compromised the Cathedral as a church.

"In the past, when popular music styles were brought into the church they were refined for church use. The Catholic Church has banned the masses of Mozart and Haydn because they were written in too much of a concert style; they weren't church music. They were just using the text for commercial purposes.

"These folk masses which are being written I think would probably work in a modern church. But in a church like this Cathedral, which is built upon the old English tradition, a good deal of the music should complement the tradition. What would you think if you were in a congregation where the sermon was strongly pro-war, and then the hymn following the sermon was 'Peace in our time'?—it's out of place! And it's the same when you bring music associated with the dance hall into the Cathedral.

"I have nothing against fun music. I've sung old Victorian church music which is just terrible, but it's fun to sing, so you don't mind. But you

wouldn't sing 'Welcome happy morning' at a funeral. Music just has to be in place. As a composer, I'm interested in the opportunity to write new hymns, but I don't want to just write new hymn tunes for old words. What we need is new words to inspire new music."

"Must you have a theological perspective to write music for the church?"

"At Coventry Cathedral, they pointed out that one of the great works of art there was done by an atheist. The question is: Is it more important to be a good artist or a good Christian? I don't know. If you believe in art that much, you're probably just calling God by a different name. It seems to me that if you're really an atheist you have to be some sort of nihilist, too. You have to believe in something—it's just a matter of how you channel it—whether you turn to the church, or theater, or concert hall."

Do you prefer to sing or to compose?

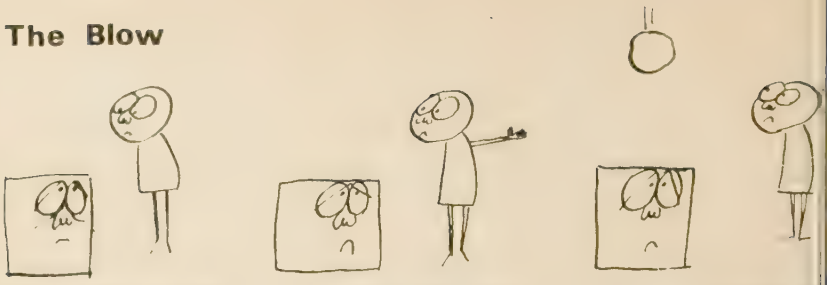
"Well, I could sing a long time before I could compose. Last summer, I applied to Cambridge Choir School in England, went there for voice trials, and wasn't accepted. And I've applied to the Berkshire Choir Camp in Massachusetts for this summer, but haven't been accepted yet. I don't want to sing professionally, but I enjoy singing and it upsets me that I don't sing better than I do."

How did Adrian write the "Missa Cathedralis?"

"I'd wanted for some years to write a Christmas mass, and had toyed with the idea of doing a big thing with double choirs, boys' voices for solos, maybe a flute accompaniment. Then, one day in class last spring, I was fooling around with some notes and got the idea for a *Kyrie.* I started writing this, liked it, and thought this would be nice for the Christmas mass. I wrote the *Agnus Dei* about the end of school in May. I was planning to begin work that summer on the *Sanctus,* but other things kept coming up. Mr. Fenstermaker asked me to write a set of responses for the men's choir; he needed them right away for the summer, so I did those. Then, I was going off to choir camp in Ohio as a counselor, and hoping to work on the mass there. I wrote a two-part *Jubilatum* for Mr. Fenstermaker and between that and duties at the camp, didn't get back to the mass for a while.

"I knew I was going to Cambridge for the voice trials in September, so

The Blow



I decided to aim at finishing the mass and dating it in Cambridge. And that what happened. I did pencil drafts of the *Sanctus* in August, and of th *Gloria* in early September, and then finished the work at Cambridge. Whe I go back to school, I showed it to Dr. Calloway; he liked it, and we decide to do it for Thanksgiving."

We left the Cathedral offices and walked over to St. Alban's School an around the grounds. Having seen Adrian's great interest and knowledge music, we asked him if this is shared by his family. He has two sisters: on in eighth grade; one in sixth; the older has gone in for judo and the younge for horse back riding. Adrian's father works for the government. He e plained that his mother's family has musical ability, but his parents jok that "they can't play anything except a tape recorder."

Adrian is currently working on a requiem mass, "but it's not suited fo the church. It's sort of like Benjamin Britten's 'War Requiem'—arrange on an idea, though it's not about war. It has a regular Latin text, inte spersed with poems: one by Thomas Hardy, one on Vietnam, one by Ca Sandberg—that sort of thing. I've got about 32 pages already. It is a con cert piece for chorus, orchestra, separate boys' chorus, and soloists. I'm try ing not to limit myself just to the church."

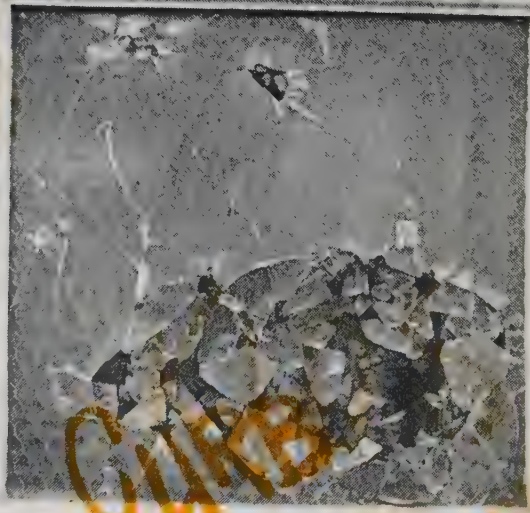
As we were leaving, we asked, "What are your plans after Harvard?"

"That depends on a lot of things. I'd like to get a fellowship to do stu in Vienna—but maybe, if the war continues, I'll have to wind up for while at the 'University' of Saigon. Or, it may be, if the war isn't an issu that I may have enough reputation and commissions by the time I finis Harvard that I can begin to compose full-time for a living. It also depend on what areas of music I get into—if, for example, I find I can write mus cals. You have to be able to command an audience and, personally, if oth people don't enjoy my music, it doesn't seem worth writing to me. I won like to be able to write a variety of things, just so long as it all sounds li my music." ▼

We're sorry . . . but we hope you'll be glad!

An apology: If you're wondering why our last two issues of YOUTH arrived late, we'd like to explain. . . . We've been working hard on a special 100-page issue of YOUTH magazine dealing with the Indians of North America. And because we think it's the kind of thing you might want to use in your social studies class at school, we were aiming to get it to you by our May 5 issue—before school is out. But, even though we had planned well in advance, the job of producing a 100-page edition (normally we print only 32 pages per issue) was more than our small staff and our short production schedule could handle. And so we've postponed the date of the "Indian issue" to September 22. This gives the editors and the printers more time to do a good job. We hope it's worth the wait. . . . But in trying to fill the gap left by this postponed issue, we've gotten behind in our schedule. We hope to correct the situation by the end of June.

A preview: Coming soon in June and afterwards are special issues on "A Time to Pray," "Teens and the Racial Crisis Today," and the winners in our 1968 Creative Arts Award competition.



Cure to CURB KIDS

by Richard S. Fuller

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Nobody—except the kids—knows when it happened. It happened at night, though. It had to. Seven or eight kids from the North View Heights low-income housing project broke into the project grocery store and stole candy, cigarettes and lighters. This makes eleven times in three years the store has been broken into and robbed. Understandably, the owner is bitter. The robberies are eating into his business, eating into him.

The apparent ringleader of the gang—I'll call him Billy—is 14. He looks like a small version of Paul Anka. The owner of the store asks a probing, difficult question about Billy: "Can you do anything for him?" Only in stronger language. The store owner does not like Billy. His question isn't really a question. He thinks Billy should go to reform school. Or someplace where he will not rob his store.

John Patak thinks Billy should not go to reform school. He likes Billy. He understands how a kid can get into trouble. John used to get in trouble as a kid. Not the serious trouble Billy is in, but trouble. Billy must attend a hearing at the Juvenile Court of Allegheny County. His fate, his future—maybe his life—will be decided during this hearing. Billy will either go to reform school or he won't. It's that simple and that complicated.

John Patak works for Bethany House. It's a house, an old one (built in 1895), located in the project. For six years now, Bethany House has been serving the North View Heights housing project both spiritually and socially. John Patak is trying to serve Billy humanly and immediately. John drives us to the hearing in the blue Bethany House Volkswagen bus.

A juvenile court hearing is a quiet little nightmare of waiting. You wait. And wait. And then wait some more. You wait until an Excedrin headache comes on. But nothing will match the waiting of Billy. He tries to act quietly tough and cocky. He's 14, remember.

"How does it look?" Billy asks John Patak.

And John, who knows he must, ironically, be honest with dishonest Billy, says: "It doesn't look good."

Meanwhile, the halls of the court building gradually fill with layers of smoke. Here everyone smokes: John, the kids, their parents, the probation officers, the court tipstaff (a cigar), two police officers (one a cigar, the other a cigarette). After a while you're smoking just by breathing—whether you want to or not.

Finally we're admitted to the small courtroom. The tipstaff drags extra chairs in, arranges them. The judge isn't in the room, but he will sit behind a large desk. Eight chairs, for the kids, are placed in a semi-circle in front of the desk. The rest of us are fitted—just fitted—into the remaining space. This time the wait is brief. The judge, tall and good looking, enters. He looks almost like a judge in a movie. We stand. We're sworn. We sit. And we listen to the beginning of Billy's fate.

We listen to the charges, which are long. The thing that makes the proceeds at once interesting and a little chilling is the newness, in spite of hundreds of movies and TV shows with courtroom settings. On TV you get drama. In life you get all that waiting and the headaches.

The judge is interested in the boys and obviously concerned. John h told us that often he will listen to hearings all day long. A long day, that i Until 7:30 at night. Somehow he remains fresh and alert.

The judge probes the boys with questions, trying to find out how man of them broke into the store and who was involved with dividing the stole goods. They apparently put the goods in bags and stashed them down i the woods near the store. The judge keeps coming back to Billy. Billy answers, like those of all the boys, are respectful. His voice is neutral, sub dued. Often he ends a sentence with the word "sir."

John Patak is sitting to the left. He shifts constantly in his seat. H wants—probably needs—a cigarette. Two of the kids sitting before th judge are blond-haired brothers. I'll call them Mike and Joe. Mike is 1 Joe 13. The attitude of the store owner toward them is a striking contra to his attitude toward Billy. In fact, everyone is sympathetic with Mike an Joe. Sympathy is easy. Their mother is dead. Their father, after his wi died, began drinking. He has mixed feelings toward his sons. Some say h wants them. Others say he doesn't. Their future will also be decided. R form school will probably not be part of it, though. The problem is findin the boys a home.

John Patak

The case takes an odd tu when Mike claims he was n part of the robbery. You look his blond hair and blue ey and you want very much to b lieve him. Life has not be kind to Mike. You'd like to h

The judge probes for t truth. Mike's father is called testify. He has two day's grow of grey beard stubbling an agi face. He comes forward, he bent, feet shuffling just a bit. H testifies that Mike was home bed when the robbery to place. But three of the bo claim Mike was with them du ing the robbery. Someone is c viously lying. For some reas it seems quietly shocking. I not sure why. Perhaps becau the judge is such a reasonab compassionate man. He's som one to trust.

There's a break in the he ing. The parents of the bo

are sent out of the courtroom one way, the boys sent out another way. It's time to decide what will happen to them. A probation officer, who comes on like a pint-sized version of actor George C. Scott, reads brief reports on the boys.

We hear the future of Mike and Joe. Their father obviously cannot take care of them. Apparently he has lied about Mike being home on the night of the robbery. The judge says he smelled alcohol on him when he testified.

A large, heavy-set, awkward woman has been present throughout the hearing. She wears sunglasses. Now we learn why. She can hardly speak without crying. Her eyes are reddened, swollen. She has arranged for young Joe to live with her brother, who lives in Harrisburg. Joe knows the man and likes him. The woman is also trying to find a home for Mike.

The judge calls Joe in and explains the situation. The judge is kind. His voice is understanding, quiet. Joe says he understands. Then he starts to cry. He says he wants to be with his dad. The woman cries. Joe is taken from the room with the woman. There's a pause. All of us avoid looking at one another. We know what we'll see in our eyes.

It's Billy's turn. He comes into the room. At first the judge says he will continue the case. This means Billy will be in a kind of legal limbo, but he will not be in reform school. He'll have to report to a probation officer.

But the store owner has been robbed 11 times in three years. The judge questions him. The man says he has caught Billy shoplifting three times. He will not let Billy in his store again. Ever. The judge listens, hesitates. Billy does not have blond hair or blue eyes. I remember something John Patak has said. Billy has vowed that next time he'll rip up the store. Sympathy for Billy does not come easy. The judge decides. Billy will go to Warrendale, which is a reform school. Billy is taken out of the room.

John Patak stands up and says a few words about Billy. A few words *for* him, that is. The probation officer has informed us that Billy is failing all his academic courses. John says that Billy is doing very well in industrial arts—metal and wood work. He's getting an A. Just for the record.

But it doesn't make any difference. Billy is gone.

John smokes as we drive back to Bethany House. "They tell you not to get involved," he finally says. "Don't get too involved with the kids." He drives. The cigarette, as he lifts it to his mouth, shakes a little. "How can you help them if you don't care?"

We bounce over a road that will soon carry eager sports fans to a new stadium. Millions of dollars will be spent on it. I like sports. Really. But isn't it a little strange of us to spend millions of dollars on these sports stadiums? And in these expensive stadiums the games of football and baseball—kids' games, really—will be played. Meanwhile, kids—some of them like Billy—are heading off to reform school.

We bounce over a road that will soon carry eager sports fans.

"That's the first kid in five years that's been sent away," John says.

We finally arrive at the North View Heights housing project. You see

two ten-story high-rise buildings and many many three-story row house
There's an old joke about how you can't tell the difference between luxu
apartment buildings and low cost apartment buildings. It isn't true. Alo
the balconies of these high-rise buildings are wire fences to keep adults, a
children, from falling. I've seen these fences before on project building
They make the buildings look like high-rise prisons. The three-story r
houses are severe. There's an unfinished quality to the whole project, li
the kids attending the juvenile court hearing.

Bethany House sits on the inner side of the project, on the edge of
little wilderness. Things just come to an end. The grassless land tilts dov
into a stark wooded area. To the right of Bethany House is a small chur
To the left is the grocery store robbed 11 times in three years. You wond
why. It's a cinderblock building and about as inviting as concrete.

Bethany House is old and shopworn with use. With life, that is. T
soda fountain in the basement is being repaired when we look around. T
kids use the fountain and work there, some of them.

Upstairs, John Garvin has his office. He looks like a linebacker fo
pro football team. He's big and mobile. He's usually out of the offi
working with the people of North View Heights. He's Bethany's chaplain.

His assistant is Rev. Leigh Jarvis. I ask Leigh if there are many kids
the project. He nods. Out of a total population of 5000, 3000 are childr
and teens. "It's curb-to-curb kids," Leigh says.

We talk about the court hearing. Naturally, John Patak doesn't want
talk about it. He has other things to do and he leaves.

"It's pretty run of the mill," John Garvin says. "The kids have large blo
of time when they're unsupervised."

John also has something depressing to say about the adults: "The adu
we minister to are these kids 20 years later. Many of them are from brok
homes. It's very contagious."

The importance of Bethany House is that people—adults or teens—wo
have the door slammed in their faces, even if they have the contagious c
case of a broken home. People like to come to Bethany House. Often k
won't go home. They'd rather be in this shopworn, heavily-traveled, mu
used wooden building "where they know," says John Garvin, "that so
body cares about them."

We've spent much of the day watching John Patak "care" about B

Bethany House cares every day. There are programs for all ages.
day-care center established by Leigh Jarvis. A dental clinic for the projec
in the works. A program for the senior citizens. A Christian Education p
gram under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Clemens, with weekday clas
for pre-school children and elementary age children. A Junior and Se
Youth Fellowship Program.

As we talk about Bethany House and the people in the project, inevita
we get back to disturbed young people. From there, we get around to
of the most disturbing aspects in American life right now: the relations

or lack of it, between Negro and white Americans. I recall that the kids attending the court hearing were mostly white. Only one is Negro. The project is 40 per cent Negro, 60 per cent white. Listen to John Gavin for a bit:

"We're involved right now in a program called Operation Concern, which is a two-pronged attack on this whole problem. The first prong of the attack is trying to change our Methodist peoples' attitudes toward the Negro. For the most part they're white middle class. The second prong of the attack is to open opportunities in the areas of education, employment, and housing for Negroes specifically. Quite frankly, I don't know quite where to get hold of the handle to the first one. The second one—with some money you can begin to do this.

"I think the riots in the city, as they begin to spread out to the white community—which I think they will from now on—will cause our people either to become powerful backlash advocates or really begin to break down some of these attitudes. We've got a situation here on the North Side, a high school in the buffer zone between the Negro and white community.

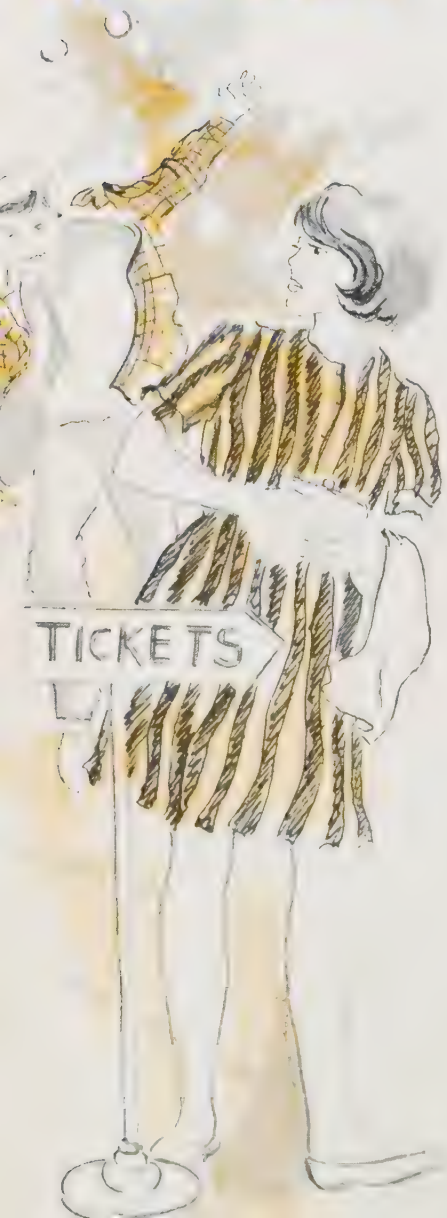
"Everything to the south of the high school is black. Everything to the north of the high school is white. This is the closest thing so far to an outright riot we've had here in Pittsburgh. They have police guards there every day. They're not down ripping up the black ghetto. They're fighting right now in the high school. It's only one step further from here to whitey's turf."

What will happen to Billy? John Patak says he will run away from Wardendale. The contagious disease of a broken home may turn into something worse. What will happen this summer on the North Side?

I'm not asking rhetorical questions. I don't know the answers to these questions. Neither does John Garvin or John Patak or Leigh Jarvis. But they are taking a stand against human indifference, against the peculiar belief—and it is a belief, however twisted—of prejudice. They are taking a stand against poverty—both kinds, especially inner poverty, where the real war against poverty is fought. ▼

BLIND DATE

by russ rowland



Calling it a blind date was Bi idea—not mine! I'd best expl right away that my friend, I Jennings, happens to be bli Should the pun—blind date—stri you as a bit gross, that's because y just don't know Bill. In fact, if hadn't thought of the pun first, wouldn't have hesitated punning myself.

Bill thoroughly enjoys such k ding references to his blindness, h that adjusted to it. I don't kn how many times, seeing h stumble against something, I've manded loudly why he does watch where he's going. He ways grins and says something "I'd rather be surprised," or "S an eye with me, durf, and I wi He has a number of friends, mys included, who think the world him and would gladly split an with him, if they could. But d get the idea that Bill doesn't do p fectly all right with himself. has a guide-dog, a great sense humor, and an uncanny, thoug ful insight that lets him see m deeply into some things than th of us with perfect vision will pr ably ever see. He gets around ok

One summer after I'd come know Bill well, I got permission take him with our family to C Cod. We always vacation there a little colony belonging to sev New England families connec with my dad's insurance compa Jill's family—she's the girl I go w —also has a cottage there. Whe told Bill he could be the only bl surfer on the whole Eastern board, he was raring to go and tal

of nothing else. I managed to remind him of the advisability of studying for finals in the meantime, but Jill and I soon joined him in making wild, happy plans.

It was Jill's idea for us to celebrate our first evening at the Cape with a double date. She offered to call another girl we know from the colony group. The four of us would go, that night, to a little movie theater in the nearby town, and follow this with a midnight cook-out on the beach. It sounded swell.

"When you call this girl," Bill told her, "you'd better explain exactly what you mean when you refer to me as a blind date. She really should know in advance." Jill promised to do that, and we babbled of hot dogs and surf boards.

Now when Jill made the call—Sally Ellison, that's the girl's name and she lives in another part of the state—the phone connection must have been bad or something. Maybe it was the hint of a Louisiana accent that my ear never quite lost. In any case, as we learned afterward, when she said "Bill, the boy you'll be going with, is blind," Sally misunderstood and thought she had said 'blonde.' "Great! Fine!" Sally replied, in fact not realizing what she was agreeing to.

Well, Bill aced his finals, as usual (I passed mine; let it go at that!). School got out, and three days later my family, with Bill in tow, was off for the Cape, Jill's family in close pursuit. The first day after arriving we spent settling in. After supper, Dad strolled over to the Ellison cottage, to say "hi" and let them know we'd all arrived safely. After one year's worth of family news had been exchanged, the conversation got around to Bill. "Oh, he's getting along nicely," said Dad, who naturally supposed they knew about Bill. "Hadn't been in the cottage five minutes before he could navigate it by himself. Gets to the john on his own and everything."

Just assume *you* were as ignorant of the true facts as the Ellisons were: how would you react to a remark like that? I'd give a lot to have seen their faces. "We didn't know *what* to think!" Sally admitted later. Oh, I can imagine the notions she must have started having—probably she was planning to keep a pretty close eye on Bill, whether the situation seemed to call for defensive action or maternal solicitude. Her feelings, when the three of us picked her up later that evening, were, I'm sure, mixed to say the least. *Thought* she seemed a trifle nervous when she climbed in back beside Bill, but, of course, she had always been shy. Jill and I were up front, assuming in our turn that Sally *knew*. She relaxed soon enough under the spell of Bill's easy charm, and finally they were laughing together like old steadies, but even then she evidently never caught on—Bill doesn't look blind, and he generally acts anything but.

We pulled up in front of the theater. "You kids hop out and buy the tickets," I said over my shoulder. "We'll park out back and meet you inside."

"Okay," said Sally. She clambered out the door and skipped over to

the curb, leaving poor Bill sitting there. I stared after her: Bill didn't hav his dog or cane or anything; she should have waited to guide him acros She didn't have to be *that* shy, or thoughtless, or whatever. "She took c without you," I explained wonderingly.

"Looks like," he replied. "Any cars coming?"

"I don't—Hey!" Before I could stop him, he was out of the door himse Brakes squealed behind us. I winced as he stumbled at the curb, but I recovered and kept on. Sally was at the ticket window, and he bumped in her. Her eyes were wide with what I assumed was horror. We didn't st to watch any more; I gunned the car around to the back of the theate swearing. "You *told* her he's blind, didn't you?" I shouted as quietly possible.

"Of *course* I did. You heard me on the phone."

"Well, what's wrong, is she scared of him? He could have gotten kill just then." I parked the car and stalked back around front, Jill traili behind me. I was going to straighten out a certain numbskulled fema once and for all. But when we saw the two of them together, waiting f us, my heart went out of it. It looked like a long summer, but I was going to start it off by making a scene and spoiling things for Bill. I w pretty discouraged, though. If pressed, I might have owned to having se ond thoughts about Sally. We all trooped silently into the theater. I dropped back for a minute and took my arm; he was grinning. "The sign just go crossed somewhere," he whispered. "She didn't know about me af all. It's okay, though—I told her. Wow! I thought she was going to dr but instead she hugged me and said that explained everything. You kn I like this kid."

It took me several seconds to digest that. "Well, God bless everybod was all I could think of saying. I speeded up, took Jill's hand, and g Sally's arm into Bill's.

And the movie was terrific. Sally sat beside Bill, joyously explaini everything that happened on screen. I could tell Bill was getting a k out of her running account, especially since he'd read the book and kn it all anyway. I had more fun watching the two of them than I did wat ing the film. Same with Jill. At last I felt a tap on my shoulder It was t man behind me, a large guy with a crew cut and flowery sport shirt. "Lo buddy," he growled. "Would you mind telling your friends to pipe dow

I turned and looked him right in the eye. "My friend happens to blind, sir. The young lady is explaining the action to him, in her o breathless way. If this bothers you at all, we'll be very happy to move." T large man was abashed. He made gruff, conciliatory noises, and sat ba Sally's commentary continued, oblivious and merry.

Terriffic movie.

We got all the loose ends tied up later. Everyone had a big laugh Sally's "Oh Jill, I thought you said he was *blonde!*" The starlight pic

on the beach was sheer perfection—the friendly thunder of the sea, plus the crackly smell of hot dogs, made the rest of the world seem far, far away. Bill and Sally were getting on so well that I realized he would have to become a permanent part of our Cape Cod summers. That didn't make me unhappy at all.

I had a chance to talk alone to him next day. Sally and Jill were in town shopping. The two of us sat on the back porch of our cottage, breathing the hot, salty air.

"Sally's a lovely girl, you lucky bum." It was a stupid thing to say to him, of all people, save as a joke.

He smiled. "That's your department, pal, not mine. You're the one who gets to enjoy the pretty faces. Lucky bum. In your appreciation of a girl, you can go deeper or stay on the surface, whichever you like. Me, I have no choice. I've got to go deeper."

"So, who's handicapped around here, anyway?"

He laughed. "Come on, let's walk over to Jill's and see if the two of 'em are back yet."

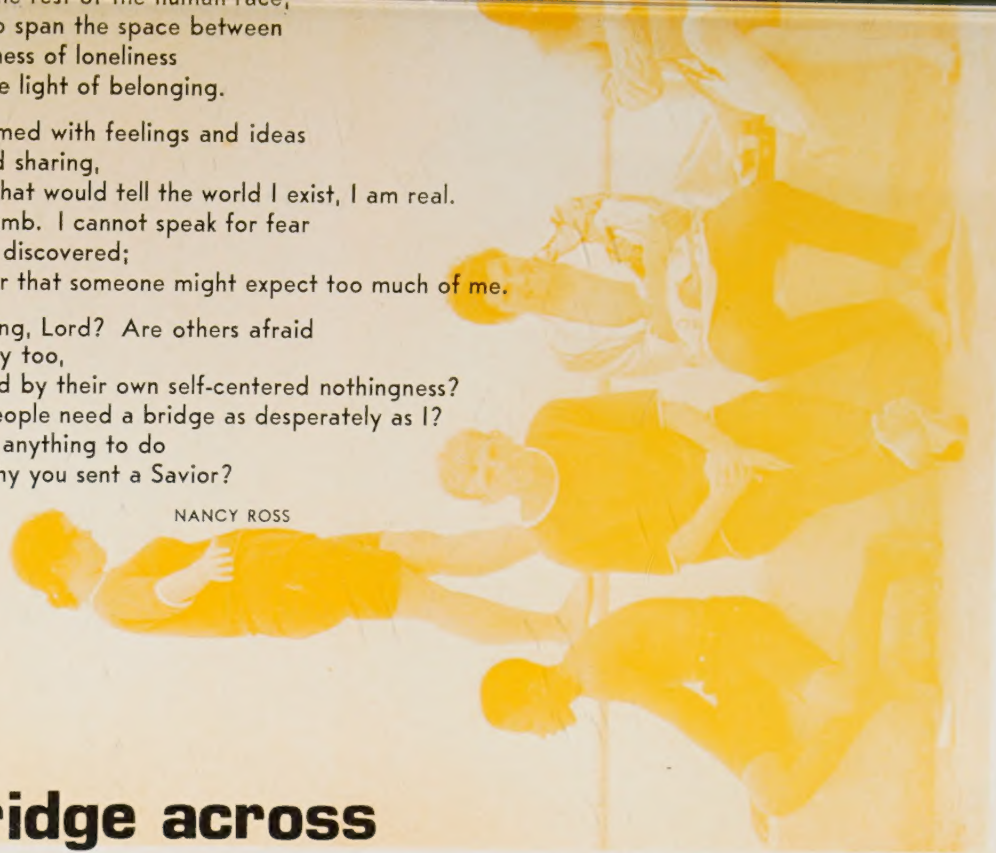
So we did, and they were. ▼

from the rest of the human race,
A bridge to span the space between
the darkness of loneliness
and the light of belonging.

Life's crammed with feelings and ideas
that need sharing,
ideas that would tell the world I exist, I am real.
But I am dumb. I cannot speak for fear
of being discovered;
for fear that someone might expect too much of me.

What's wrong, Lord? Are others afraid
and lonely too,
silenced by their own self-centered nothingness?
Do other people need a bridge as desperately as I?
Has that anything to do
with why you sent a Savior?

NANCY ROSS



a bridge across